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in the rue de Rome, and Brook's rapid vehement sermons, which at all times contained more beautiful words than thoughts, delivered in the dim atmosphere of Trinity church. Both owe their success principally to the hypnotizing influence peculiar to strong personalities (This is not meant to offend his congregation but merely as a scientific analysis.)

Henri de Regnier was the first arrival. He is a tall, lean, effeminate looking man of about thirty, who, after bowing stiffly in answer to the introduction, sat down, readjusting a monocle in his eye.

Regnier is very fond of mentioning a certain stone in his poems. On one occasion, however, when a traveller showed him a sample of it, he inquired naively: "By what name is it known?" His knowledge of the stone did not extend farther than the name, the sound of which was pleasing to him. This proceeding is very characteristic of the whole symbolist poetry.

Regnier and his host began a conversation about Baudelaire, and commented upon a photograph, a very striking likeness of the great poet which Mallarmé had espied during the summer in Honfleur.

The bell announced a second visitor and another poet was ushered in. Mallarmé was asked whether he had ever met Baudelaire. Mallarmé began a long speech, in which he gradually approached the subject. He was one day sitting on an omnibus, riding in such and such a street, when he suddenly perceived an old man walking with a bundle of manuscripts under his arm. I was full of expectancy as to further interesting details of an interview, but here the story came to an abrupt end. He apparently remained in the omnibus and Baudelaire pursued his way.

The bell was now rung every few minutes and very soon the room was filled with gentlemen. We were invariably introduced as Mr. C. S. H., poète américain and Mr. so and so, poète français." I thought France an enviable country. I never saw so many poets assembled in so small a space before. The collection, however, was not particularly interesting. Neither Rodin, nor Monet, nor any of the well known symbolists, excepting Regnier, appeared.

Stuart Merrill, an American and an exquisite writer of French verse, much in the style of Regnier, and the translator of "Pastels in Prose," was also present. In a recent article in the "Revue Bleu," Stuart Merrill with Violé Griffin were absurdly designated as the two greatest living American poets, notwithstanding the fact that they

wrote their best works in French. Merrill thought I was to be pitied as I was soon to return to America, which he considered "the most unartistic country on earth."

By this time the assembly consisted of about twenty poets and, I believe one composer who expressed his doubts as to whether Baudelaire's verses could be set to music and who answered all my various remarks with a very polite "certes! certes!"

It was about nine o'clock when Stéphane Mallarmé prepared to perform his part, which has earned him the world wide reputation of a causeur. Glasses of hot punch were passed around by the host and leaning against the mantelpiece he began to talk.

He spoke about the Baudelaire movement, about Rodin, Versailles, mentioned a certain poet who was in the habit of leaving out a word in the middle of a sentence, which his guests thought very suggestive etc. etc. The hours passed by and Mallarmé continued to talk without any arrogance but rather with the condescending spirit of a friend and father. The others had but little to say. My neighbor a very effeminate looking young Belgian with long hair, broke out continually into such hysterical exclamations as "Cela me fait plaisir!" Je suis tellement enthousiasme.

I tried hard to gain some information during the monologue, and waited in vain for another bright remark like the one he had addressed to me shortly before Regnier entered. "Literature will undoubtedly become the religion of the aristocrats while gold, sensuality, etc., will remain the gods of the multitude."

On my way home all I could remember of the evening's conversation was a chaos of beautiful words and the description of an impression Mallarmé had received at Versailles: Early in the morning when the sun rises over the lonesome park, the mists appear like female forms kissing, spirit-like, the statues of the past."

#### COLOR IN ARCHITECTURE. ✕

Today all young ambitious artists have the somewhat morbid yet justified desire to be up to date; to be modern and fashionable. But this high pressure is not killing art, as some wise philistines remark, what do they know about art anyhow?; on the contrary it calls forth numerous untried faculties and new combinations which will help to produce new phases of art.

Only the architects are not in the movement. Their professional duties have of late become very prosaic and unpretentious, one might say, acquired a philanthropical tendency. Modern everyday demands necessitate first of all a consideration for utility, comfort and sanitation in architecture, and after due respect for this trinity there remains but little show for any artistic quality. Morsels of various styles are simply gathered here and there out of excellent handbooks etc. --- the XIX century is a remarkable age for handbooks --- and broken into the first best dish; such soup is naturally no treat for gormandizers, but after all cheap and sensible.

It seems, moreover, as if all possible combinations of straight lines and curves had been exhausted. There is really little chance for a new, original style, with such vastly different structures as the palace of Karnak, the pagoda of Nikko, the dome of St. Peter, the Linderhof of Ludwig II, etc.

Life has never undergone such a radical change as during the last hundred years, it has been from top to bottom, in all our ways of expression, not one stone of the old structure being left upon the other. This whole century has been one uninterrupted revolution, restless, pitiless, shameless, gnawing into the very intestines of civilized humanity. Nothing has resisted its devouring violence, nothing, absolutely nothing has remained of the good old times, they have vanished with their customs and manners, their passions, tastes and aspirations, even love has changed, all, everything is new. Were the most sapient critics even to stand on their heads they could not deny or alter the fact. And as life has become totally different, and art, the reflection of life is following her example, why then should just architecture, the most reliable account chronography has ever found, make an exception?

There is something, however, which might prove a new and immediate stimulant to modern architecture and enhance it in no small degree, namely the use of color in exterior architecture.

Not as hitherto merely as an occasional accessory but as a principal feature in the art of building, as important as the beauty of outline, the massiveness or loftiness of the general appearance; the chiaroscuro effects, the mechanical trickery of construction, and the variety of details.

Color was always applied more or less to the exterior walls, but from the white, black and red terracotta studs of the Assyrian temples to the Paris Opera House it has always played an inferior part, and wherever it has been used more lavishly, as in Chinese architecture with its fantastic orna-

ments and shining porcelain tiles, and Russian churches with their many colored roofs and cupolas, the coloristic effect has generally become grotesque. St. Mark with its manifold incrustations, its mosaics, frescoes and gildings, is one of the few exceptions and shows what wealth and glow of color a building can radiate. The outside walls of the exhibition buildings in the Champ-de-Mars, Paris, probably reveal in the most favorable manner what results can be achieved by the skilful use of masonry, terra cotta mouldings, lead, zinc, and brass ornaments, glass, colored tiles and paintings.

The Greeks have made but little use of exterior polychromy, but it belongs to the best of its kind. Except Giotto's Campanile at Florence, the basis of which has been wisely kept in a sombre color by the painter architect in order to balance the failing massiveness of architecture, color has hardly ever been used with such discretion, taste, and power as in the Dorian temples where the naturally colored stone work is enhanced by dark blue and dark red ornaments stencilled in strong unbroken tints.

If our young artists were only not continually handicapped in their attempts to introduce any real quality into the routine work of modern architecture, if we only had a Gérôme who would experiment with color in architecture as he does in sculpture, a new era for the artistic value of color might be opened, that has hitherto been principally confined to painting, and minor arts. X

It is difficult to think of any greater improvement that could be made in the general architectural expression of our cities. For it is natural that if one prominent building were executed in such and such colors, all surrounding buildings and objects would have to be toned in accordance as is customary in Japan where the character of the building always harmonizes with the surrounding landscape. To fabricate such an outrageous disharmony as displayed in Copley Square, Boston, would be simply impossible to color loving architects.

The realization of this hope may seem to many nothing but a wonderful piece of architectural imagination like the city of Brass in the Arabian Nights. But why should cities always be guilty of color monotony as is the case with Philadelphia with its everlasting red bricks, green shutters and white marble steps, or even Paris with its monotony of grey apartment houses, dark roofs and black balustrades before the French windows?

To break the monotony of our streets the method of decoration used so adequately in the Venetian Renaissance would be perhaps most recommendable. The combination of marbles, granite, and

bricks of various colors in geometrical patterns and mosaic work would do much to give character to modern dwellings.

And what a variety of resources would be on hand simply by the application of local color to already existing architectural forms, for instance, by gilding the reliefs and coloring the background.

What beautiful combinations could be made with red, black and salmon colored bricks, pink, gray and white granite, or grey, blueish gray and dove colored marble?

The most elegant and easily attainable embellishment of plain walls would be perhaps the sgraffito work, used for instance on the palace Guadagni in Florence. It would, naturally, be as easy to scrape ornaments through a grey surface coating on to a dark blue undercoating etc., as through a white surface on to a black ground as was customary in those times.

Dull colors without strong contrasts would naturally, be the easiest to combine, but a bold talent might unite the loudest, such as the primaries, into a harmonious whole.

The knowledge of the poetic value of color which gives to purple the character of dignity and to green the character of comfort, for example, will probably never play an important part in exterior polychromy, though it might be useful in giving character to a building, as for instance a sombre or dignified appearance to a prison or court house, and a gay and festive one to a theatre or music hall.

The right application of color however, would not merely be a matter of taste, but would also need a great deal of technical knowledge which could hardly be acquired without expensive experiments. Above all else the durability of colors, and their effect in various changes of light and weather would have to be tested, as it would of course be desirable to have the outside walls of our buildings remain as luminous and well preserved as those of the old Egyptian temples.

Let us make a beginning and find out what can be done.

Time will show whether my dream of a colossal temple, throning on some verdant hill, perhaps a Valhalla in which the busts of America's greatest men chiseled by the best American sculptors would repose in tranquil majesty, can be realized — a palatial structure remarkable for its splendor and nobility of expression, worthy of America, rendered by unlimited means the most perfect of its kind, a combination of the beauties of all styles executed

entirely in white marble without a flaw, with background and decorative details in red and black marble, profusely embellished with gold — in short a farewell to the architecture of the past, and a greeting to the architecture of the future.

The ART CRITIC offers a prize of \$100 for the best water-color sketch of the facade of a Valhalla with the appliance of exterior polychromy as principal attraction (as mentioned above however without restriction to any particular colors) submitted by subscribers before the first of April. The prize will be awarded in the June issue of the magazine, and the design reproduced in one of the following numbers.

The Jury will consist of (three architects, two painters, one sculptor, and one author.)

C. HOWARD WALKER.  
ROBERT D. ANDREWS.  
H. LANGFORD WARREN.  
MARCUS WATERMAN.  
F. H. TOMPKINS.  
MAX BACHMANN.  
C. SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

#### PREFACE TO THE CATALOGUE OF THE SALON DE LA ROSE†CROIX, 1892.

"Artist, thou art priest! Art is the great mystery, and when thy effort reaches its highest achievement a ray of the divine descends as on an altar. O real presence of the Divinity, resplendent under these supreme names, Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Beethoven and Wagner!

"Artist, thou art king! Art is the true empire! When thy hand has drawn a perfect line, the cherubims themselves descend to delight themselves in it as in a mirror.

"Spiritual design, the soul's line, the form of the understanding, thou givest body to our dreams: Samothrace and St. John, Sistine and the Cenacolo, St. Quen, Parsifal, the Ninth Symphony, Notre Dame!

"Artist thou art magician! Art is the great miracle, and proves our immortality!

"Who doubts anymore? Giotto has felt the stigmata; the Virgin appeared to Fra Angelico; and Rembrandt has proved the Resurrection of Lazarus.

"Absolute answer to all pedantic disputants!

"They doubt Moses: behold Michael Angelo.\*

"They despise Jesus: behold Leonardo da Vinci†